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SIDNEY DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1851. WHOLE NO. 1551.

Choice Poetry.

TRUTH AND HONOR.

If wealth then set wrongs, or title, or fame,
There is but in the doing brings home or shame;
There is more in the running than winning the race,
This maybe thee as worthy, that brands thee as base.
Oh, then, be a man, and a man's honor be,
Keep truth thy companion, and honor thy guide!

If a king, be thy kingship right equally shown in,
And trust no my subjects to shelter the throne!
Rely not on weapons or armies of might,
But on that which redeemeth, love-loving and right.
Though a king, be a man, and whatever befide,
Keep truth thy companion, and honor thy guide.

If a prince, or a noble, depend not on blood—
The heart only noble is that which is good;
If the stain of dishonor encounter thy fame,
Then art alone to the peasant that swears at the plough;
Be noble in name; and whatever befide,
Keep truth your companion, and honor your guide.

If a lover, be constant, confiding and kind,
For desiring, or doubt, to the sensitive mind;
Love's exquisite passion a breath may destroy,
Who worketh in faith expects her vote of joy.
In loving, be sure, and whatever befide,
Keep truth your companion, and honor your guide.

In parent, be firm, yet forgiving and true;
If a child, honor due to whom honor is due—
If rich, or if poor, or whate'er then maybst be,
Remember the constant alone are the free.
Be sure a man, and whatever befide,
Keep truth your companion, and honor your guide.

Then, though sickness may come and misfortunes may fall,
The trust in thy bosom sustaineth them all;
Trust—honor—are Freedom's own principles, in respect can pale;
They are flowers beaming balm in adversity's gale.
Oh, the mankiss is godlike, and so shall betide,
While truth's thy companion, and honor thy guide.

Pictures of Life.

THE LADY'S STRATAGEM.

A TALE OF THE WAR IN SPAIN.

Captain Marmaduke Keith, is, judging from his present mundane, matter-of-fact character—about the last man one would suspect of having been at any time in his life a victim to the "tender passion." A revelation he volunteered to one or three cronies at the club the other evening, undoubted us. The captain on this occasion, as was generally the case on the morrow of a too great indulgence, was somewhat out-spoken and lachrymose. The weather, too, was gloomy; a particularly horrid-rogue had been dressing dreadfully for some three hours in the adjoining room; and, to crown all, Mr. Tape, who has a quick eye for such sentimentals, had just entered and read aloud, a sermon, but and story of murder and suicide in the evening paper. It is not, therefore, so much to be wondered at that the captain should have received with unusual favor in the veteran's memory.

"You would hardly believe it, Tape," said Captain Smith, after a dull pause, and emptying a small decanter-full of sherry at a draught, "that I once had the reputation of being the most confirmed old bachelor in the service—that I was—in fact—a man of no heart—a man of any sort of feeling in the matter of love—and yet, by Jove, I was once as much a victim to the tender passion as any gentleman present, and was, moreover, as much cut up by it as any man could be."

"Never!" exclaimed the astonished gentleman whom he addressed. "A man of your strength of mind, captain! I can't believe it. It is impossible!"

"It's an extraordinary fact, I admit; and to win the truth, I have never been able to account exactly for it. Perhaps it was owing to the fact of disorder as I did the measles—young; and neither of those complaints left me any time to think. I'm told, as when they pick a man up later in life. It was, however, a very severe attack while it lasted. A very charming girl, the daughter of a refugee, was that delightful Coralie Dufour, I must say."

"Any relation to the Monsieur and Madame Dufour we saw some years ago in Paris?" asked Tape. "The beautiful, I remember, was certainly fond of expressing his gratitude to you for having once wonderfully carried him through his difficulties."

Captain Smith looked sharply at Mr. Tape, as if he suspected him of thus linking the name to the least innocence of his words. Perceiving, as usual, nothing in the speaker's countenance, Mr. Smith—having at the same time a tremendous cloud to conceal a faint blush, which, in my extreme astonishment, I observed stealing over his unaccustomed features—said, gravely, almost solemnly:

"Tut, Mr. Tape, are a married man, and the father of a family, and your own experience, therefore, in the female line, must be ample for a lifetime; but, sir," continued his captain, impressively, addressing another of his auditors, "are, I believe, an 'old' gentleman, and a regular scent, and may, therefore, do not profit as well as instruction from an example of the way in which ardent and inexperienced youth is entrapped and hoodwinked and bamboozled by womankind. Mr. Tape, oblige me by touching the bell, if you please."

The missal captain's order had been obeyed, he commenced the narrative of his love adventure, and for a time spoke with his usual unmoved calmness; but towards the close he became an exceedingly discursive and excited, and it was with no small difficulty that I can recall many little particulars it was essential to hear, that I have been compelled, first: regard to brevity, as well as natural humanity, to omit from me and reader in my own words some of the chief incidents of his narrative.

Just previous to the Winter campaign, which witnessed the second siege and fall of Badajoz, Mr. Keith, in the exercise of some of his peculiar vocation, entered that city in his usual disguise of a Spanish countryman, with stock of onions to keep his eye and ears wide open, and to pick up as speedily as possible, upon various military details which it was his duty to learn, and transmit as should be made acquainted with. Mr. Keith, from the first moment the pleasant proposition was hinted to him, had unhesitatingly made known reluctance to undertake the task; more especially as General Phillips, who commanded the French garrison, had not very long previously, much less near entering into, to render a possibly a little more intimate acquaintance with the latter practitioner at all desirable. Nevertheless, as the service was urged, and no one, it was agreed, so competent as himself to the task, he satisfied the point "I, Smith remarked that the most delicating commission with which he was entrusted by the gentlemen likely, should be decline the honor, to be selected in his place—he finally consented, and in due time found himself within the walls of the devoted city. "It was an uncomfortable instance," the captain said—"very much so—and I was glad to get out of it. It took a long time to accomplish; and when one succeeded in one, another came miserably short. The Winter, however, to be had in sufficient plenty; and I used frequently to pass a few hours at a place of entertainment kept by a Madelaine woman, whose bitter hatred of the French invaders, and favorable disposition towards the British, were well known to me, though encouraged from Napoleon's military, many of whom—non-officers chiefly—were her customers. My chief amusement there was playing at dominoes for a few glasses. I played when I had a choice with a quiet, good-humoring non-lieutenant of voltigeurs—a gib-fingered chap, of the sort that tell all they know, and sometimes more, with very little pressing. His comrades addressed him as Victor, the only name I then knew him by. He and I became very good friends, the more readily that he seemed to be chiefly genuinely wh. I soon reckoned Master Victor up: but there was on all, very much of a sergeant-major sometimes present, whose suspicious manner caused me frequent twinges. One day especially, I caught him looking at me in a way that sent the blood galloping through my veins like wildfire. A look, Mr. Tape, which may be very likely followed in a few minutes afterwards by a bullet, or by half a dozen bullets through one's body, if spit in one's ribs."

"I should think so. I wouldn't be in such a predicament for the creation!"

"It's a situation that would hardly suit you, Mr. Tape," replied the veteran, with a grim smile. "Well, the gray-headed old fox followed up his look with a number of interesting queries concerning my birth, parentage, and present occupation—my answers to which re-opened upon him. that I felt quite certain he was behind hand with me, and expressed himself perfectly satisfied, and unmoved cordially out of the place, that he might be report his services. There would be probably back again in two two with a file of soldiers and an order for my arrest. We had not yet so smartly through my fastings, that often ph it was quite a cold day for Spain, I give you my honor, I perspired to the very tips of my fingers and toes. The chances of escape, was, I felt, almost desperate. The previous evening a rumor had circulated that the British general had stormed Ciudad-Rodrigo, and night, therefore, we already looking to life seven leagues beats towards Badajoz. The French were consequently more than ever on the alert, and knew eyes were upon them, and every one believed to show of sympathy or correspondence between the citizens and the advancing army. The moment I was not the sergeant-major had disappeared, and was about to follow, when the mistress of the house spoke, pointed, said, loudly, that I had stared at, and if not quick, you will be sacrificed by those French pigs; this way." I followed to an inner apartment, where she drew from a well-concealed recess, a French officer's uniform, and bade me dress with it" she continued as she left the room. "I know the word and countersign." I did not require twice telling, you may be sure; and in less than no time was fagged off beautifully, in a lieutenant's uniform, and walking at a smart pace towards one of the gates. I was with twenty yards of the corps-de-garde, when whom should I run against but Sous-Lieutenant Victor. He started, but either did not for the moment recognize me, or she decided the matter, for with it" she advanced to meet me, stopp—the guard challenged—I gave the words, 'Napoleon, Austerlitz'—passed on; and as soon as I was out of sight of the guard, I took to my pace to a run. My horse, I should mention, was secured in a field, a short distance in two miles' distance. Could I reach so far, there was, I felt, a chance. Unfortunately, I had not proceeded more than five or six minutes when I was astounded that I was pursued. I glanced round; and, to my consternation, saw the sergeant and two soldiers in the evening paper. It is not, therefore, so much to be wondered at that I should have received with unusual favor in the veteran's memory.

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PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1864.

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STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.
No. 66 South Third Street, Philadelphia.
We are prepared to execute, in the best manner, with dispatch, by the power-press or hand-press, and at the lowest prices,
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

In the interests of Mrs. Southworth's Novelists, we shall publish a Novelette in the Post every week during the period of other well-known writers. We have three now on hand, which shall be published as early as possible, viz:

The Iron Hand, by T. S. Arthur.
The Rebel or the Senator, by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "The Rob Cap," &c.
Two Years Ago, by Mrs. Southworth, author of "The Hotel in the Fog," &c.

Reports of Lectures, the Cream of the Foreign Periodicals, Engravings, Congressional Reports, Sinnerol Items, Wit and Humor, &c., &c., shall be given as of old.

Miscellaneous.

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

The gentleman is busy in our city, after a brief visit to Washington. The Washington correspondent says that a gentleman who had the pleasure of a long conversation with him, after making some remarks on his writings, drew him the following history:

"It is of course very flattering to me that you have read my works; and as you are pleased with them, it may, perhaps, be interesting to know under what circumstances they were written. I purchased a house at Brighton; and, in the beginning of the year 1838, I had finished about it? I remember to have a flash dog. Standing one day in the stable, I said to a coachman who was digging, 'My friend, wouldn't you like to dig up a crock of gold?' 'Yes, sir,' said he, pausing in his work; 'I would think it a rare match.' Then, after reflecting a few moments, he looked up at me seriously, and said: 'I think, sir, it would not be well for me to find a crock of gold. There is something it would be better to have than that.' 'And what is that?' I said. 'Good breath and plenty of work,' he answered. I was so struck with the excellence of the sentiment, coming from a man in his position, and with the honest manner in which he expressed it, that I could not forget it. I went into the house, and the words of the laborer were still ringing in my ears: 'Good health and plenty of work!' At length I took a sheet of paper, and wrote on it in large characters, 'The Crock of Gold; a Tale of Covetousness.' I looked at it for some time, and then I said to myself, 'I will make something out of it, so I set at once and wrote, and at the end of a month or five weeks I was so cramped that the pen fell from my hand. In three weeks the story was published."

He gave the following explanation of his "Proverbial Philosophy:"

"I was engaged at the age of seventeen, to a young lady, who is now my wife, but whom I did not marry till nine years afterward. I wished to give her a present on her birthday, and I set about to write them in a sermon, nor yet to put them into rhyme; so I wrote in a style of my own, my article on 'Love.' I then wrote a second article on 'Love;' and I composed a piece in the same style on 'Love.' The young lady put them away in her escritoir, and I thought no more of the matter. A year or two after, a three-y friend of mine, who was publishing a magazine, came to me and told me he wished me to write some poetry for him. I told him I could not write poetry. However, as he insisted upon it, I said I would think of it. On leaving me, he went to the house of the young lady to whom I was then affianced, and asked her whether she had anything of my composition. She found the following two papers and turned the two pieces I had written for her. "He soon came back to me with the manuscript, and I told him that I had written them. I told him not to do so, and I would try to give him some more the next day. In ten days from that time, the first part of 'Proverbial Philosophy' was published."

Of his social life at Guernsey, he gave the following account:—There was a large gun two hours before he arrived, which he wished to have out down. He was told that it could not be done. He was found that it would fall directly upon the house. To prevent this, the workmen were sent to the upper part of the tree, and pulled it in the opposite direction. A school in the neighborhood was dismissed at the same time, and the boys got hold of the ropes and helped to pull. Mr. Tupper remarked that the labor of cutting down a tree could be determined by the number of concentric rings in the trunk, and that the breadth of those rings depended upon the favorableness of moisture of the atmosphere. There had been a great drought just seven years before; and he thought this a good opportunity of verifying or disproving this theory. On examining the tree, he found that, after the first seven rings in the trunk, there was a very sensible decrease in the breadth of the next circle. From this he was led to reflect upon the nature of the seasons in the three consecutive rings. "Yesterday" was the result. The idea naturally suggested a poem on "To-day," and another on "To-morrow." This is his manner of writing. He composes only when some striking occurrence suggests an idea.

In person, Mr. Tupper is small. He is thoroughly English in his appearance, with a clear, florid complexion peculiar to his country, and altogether he is a good specimen of the English gentleman. His manners are unaffected and agreeable: he is lively and full of conversation, and is very fond of the society of children and things. He is much pleased with our country and people. Though he expected to find a great nation, he finds no greater than he anticipated. He thinks there are only two great dangers ahead of us—intemperance and war. His own religious toleration may lead us into infidelity, and the other, that the Jacobinism of a great number of the people may finally destroy the conservative spirit which alone can preserve us. This, Gentlemen, is not a gentleman of his education and proclivities.

Mr. Tupper seems much annoyed at the attacks which have been made upon him in the columns of our journals. He declares it is not his purpose to write a book on any subject, but has declared that any should doubt the truth of his declaration—"for," said he, "if there is any thing on earth that I detest, it is 'Truth.'" We are sorry to see that Mr. Tupper's character is little understood by some of our Northern brethren. We have always looked upon Englishmen, as to his writings—and there are, we think, very few who do not admire them—as the shortest but one feeling of respect for his private worth.

PAPIER MACHE.

The manner of manufacturing this material, of which are produced many beautiful articles as trade, is thus described by the N. Y. Evening Post. The article consists of sheets of strong brown paper which forms the principal material in its composition. This paper, which is cut into the required shape, is made of the kinds of cloth necessary of the hardest wood by steeping in oil, after which it is left to dry in an oven. When thus prepared the paper is removed, and left in the open air for some minutes, when a coat of refined black varnish is applied to each sheet. Before this varnish has become dry, pieces of paper, cut in the form of leaves, roses, and other flowers, as the fancy of the workman may dictate, or the character of the article may require, are laid on with great skill, and then the whole is again placed in the oven. When it has been removed the second time, another coat of varnish is applied to all parts of the article, and the drying repeated as before, indeterminately. The varnish, when it has had sufficient time to harden, is put on more whitish, the same process is repeated several times, until all parts of the surface are made quite even. The articles are then ready for having their final coat of gilding. The article, which is still in an unfinished state, after a thorough polishing, is laid in a bed of fine sand, and the figure or article, upon whose silk beauty in a great degree depends. Under his hands the paper is made to assume the form and noon consented into a full blown flower, surrounded by its leaves and buds. The branches are next inserted in the proper places, and the whole is then, upon which gold leaf is afterwards laid. Then follows the painting of the flowers and leaves, the colors of which are rendered almost indelible by the application of a second coat of refined white varnish. Persons who have seen papier mache articles have no doubt been struck with the natural appearance given to the leaves and flowers by the great, the brilliancy of which endures an incredible length of time.

☞ The Southern Press denies the assertion that it is a losing concern, and says that it has 9,000 subscribers.

THE YEAR OF EXPECTATIONS.

From the Evening Post.

The present year, 1864, seems to be The Year of Expectations. Every one is expecting something.

Every lodging-house keeper is expecting to get her lodgings at three, and four, and five times the usual rates.

Every table-board and coffee house keeper expects to have his house filled from top to bottom.

Every theatrical and amusement speculator is in the prime to shall get his tools, fitted up in readiness, and lead them.

Every manufacturer expects to have "Crowded Audiences," "Overflowing Houses," "Standing Room Only," &c., put positively half the theatre every night.

Every proprietor of Panoramas, Dioramas, Cosmoramas, Orphoramas, and every other kind of panorama to be able to entice next year with the enormous receipts of this season's Exhibition!

Every hotel-keeper is busily engaged in and not every bit of his stock this year, and expects to be done next season with his furniture, that it will be entirely the fault of not having sufficient goods to supply the demands of his innumerable customers!

Every young lady is expecting to be brought up to love, for "Pa's been promising it ever since we came to live in Arch Street," and she will be sick an opportunity for noting London, and of this year's campaign.

Every wife expects, of course, the same.

Every country rebel expects to come up to London, Paris, Vienna, and etiquette to find our dirty streets paved with the inexhaustible very paving stones of gold, and to see the Queen riding about all day, in a splendid coach, with the crown on her head, and the sceptre in one hand, and the ball in the other.

Every bigoted Englishman, belonging to the fine old John Bull school, of stay-at-home Englishmen, expects to see, on every frontage with the inscription, long board, and long hair, and dirty faces, and dirty hands to the close of Frenchmen he has been in the habit of meeting in Leicester Square, and expects that London will be trodden with the feet less than the Plague is now trodden with.

It would be very difficult, and perhaps very tedious, to put down all the expectations that are now entertained by the various classes from the glass frame of the Great Exhibition, more especially the expectations of all those who EXPECT THAT THIS YEAR TO MAKE THEIR FORTUNES. We can only say, that amongst so many disappointments as this city was 1851 will be a very great wonder if a few of them are not realized. And that is the only reason why we venture to form on the subject, and about it we only can we expect to see fully realized by this year.

STEAM ENGINE OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—Bourne's work on the Steam Engine, recently published by the Appletons, says:

"The Mississippi in America are, for the most part, of a very rude and primitive description. The principal object in the construction of vessels is such as to make them fully a match for the point of resistance. They are generally of English construction. Their efficient performance, perhaps, due to the light pressure of steam employed, and partly to the peculiarities of the American River navigation. The Mississippi and its tributaries most of the captive steamers, which, by the assistance of the high pressure steam, are enabled to stem the current of the

Selected Poetry.

Biography.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Selected Sketch.

THE TIMELY WARNING.

AN AFFECTING STORY.

..."My son, the suffering such memories awake, must continue as long as life. God is merciful; but remorse for past misdeeds is a canker-worm in the heart, that preys upon it forever.'"

My father ceased speaking, and buried his face in his hands. He saw and felt the bearing his narrative had upon my character and conduct. I have never forgotten it. Boys, who spurn a mother's control, who are ashamed to own that they are wrong, who think it manly to resist her authority, or yield to her influence, *beware!* Lay not up for yourselves bitter memories for your future years.

Wit and Humor.

The Olio.

YOUNG MEN.

It is a common opinion that young men lack the ripeness of judgment which distinguishes middle-aged or gray-bearded men; and hence, when they broach any new and startling theory, explosive of old dogmas, the world "fights shy" of them. It is a curious fact, however, that some of the greatest discoveries in science, as well as the most brilliant literary achievements, have been made by Young Men. Newton was not yet "of age" when he saw the apple fall to the ground. Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood at eighteen, and said he could convince no man of the fact who was forty. Hobbes and Berkeley put forth their metaphysical systems at an early age; and Galileo, Leibnitz and Euler commenced their careers of discovery while young men. Bonaparte never displayed more military genius than at twenty-five in the brilliant charge at Lodi. Burke's *Vindications of Natural Society*, written at the age of twenty-six, is considered, by an acute critic, one of the most eloquent and sagacious of his works. Pitt piloted the British ship of State through the tempests of the French Revolution—in defiance of a host of enemies on board—at the age of twenty-two. It is well said by Hazlitt, that—

"It is only in youth, before the mind becomes set in its own opinions or the dogmas of others, that it can have vigor or elasticity to throw off the load of prejudice, and seize on new and extensive combinations of things. In exploring new and doubtful tracts of speculation, the mind strikes out true and original views; as a drop of water hesitates at first what direction it shall take, but afterwards follows its own course. The very oscillation of the mind in its first perilous and staggering search after truth, brings together extreme arguments and illustrations, that would never occur in a more settled and methodized state of opinion, and felicitous suggestions turn up when we are trying experiments on the understanding, of which we can have no hope when we have once made up our minds to a conclusion, and only go over the previous steps that led to it."—*Yonkee Blade.*

A Hint.—The last number of the North British Review, in a most interesting article on the Rev. Dr. Doddridge, introduces an anecdote which his friend, the Rev. Dr. Stonehouse, of the Established Church, was wont to narrate as embodying two lessons in elocution which he one day received from Garrick, at the close of one of his Sunday services:

"What particular business had you to do to-day, when the duty was over?" asked Garrick.

"None."

"Why," said Garrick, "I thought you must, from the hurry with which you entered the desk. Nothing can be more indecent than to see a clergyman set about sacred service as though he were a tradesman, and wanted to get through it as soon as possible. But what books might those be which you had on the desk before you?"

"Only the Bible and Prayer-Book," replied the preacher.

"*Only* the Bible and Prayer-Book," rejoined the player, "why you tossed them about, and turned the leaves as carelessly as if they were a day-book or ledger."

How to Produce Spontaneous Combustion.—A writer in the Scientific American shows how spontaneous combustion may be produced:—Take a small lock of cotton, say from ½ to ¼ ounce, and saturate it well with well boiled linseed oil, such as painters commonly use, squeeze all the superabundant oil from it, and lay it in the sun, in a hot day, and it will take fire by spontaneous combustion in twenty minutes—in the shade it may take two or three hours. I have tried it many times, to gratify the curious and convince the skeptical. The cotton must be pressed together as compact as can well be done in the hand, and must not be disturbed by loosening it after you saturate it.—It is nothing new under the sun that cotton or hemp will take fire by being saturated with oil, but that it should ignite so quick is what has astonished me. Some kinds of boiled oil will cause the cotton to ignite much sooner than others, owing, I suppose, to the dryers used in boiling. I do not know what was put in the oil when boiled, which I have experimented with, as it came from New York ready boiled for use.

Selected Articles.

RECENT SINGULAR DISCOVERIES IN PERU.

...vitiated. Dr. Rind, the traveller, from whose letters the extracts above quoted have been taken, is by birth a Scotchman. While still young, he was sent to the Scotch monastery at Ratisbon to receive his education, and since, twenty years, has traversed the world in all directions, meeting with the strangest adventures, and adding greatly to our knowledge of the country, and the people of the interior of South America. His present journey was undertaken in the character of inspector-general of the military hospitals in the free states of Bolivia; and it was while proceeding thither that these letters, dated from Lasana, were written.

Learned Infant.—Among the numerous infant prodigies and examples of precocious learning, the most remarkable on record was Christian Henry Heinecken, born in Lubeck in 1721. It is related that at ten months this extraordinary infant was acquainted with geography, as well as ancient and modern history; and when only two years and a half old, he could speak with fluency the French and Latin languages. He was taken to Denmark in his fourth year, where he harangued the king and royal family. His body was delicate and infirm, and he was averse to every kind of food but his nurse's milk. He died in 1725, in the fourth year of his age; and his death is stated to have been so edifying, as to have astonished those who beheld it still more than the wonderful knowledge he displayed during his brief existence.

Early Alphabets.—Godfrey Henselius, in his "Synopsis Universae Philologiae," published at Nuremberg so late as the year 1741, gives the alphabets of Adam, Enoch, and Noah; and even dwells at some length on the language spoken by the angels. Another author, Andrew Kempe, maintains that God spoke to our first parents in Swedish, and that Adam replied in Dutch; and, as if to confirm the ancient reputation of the French for gallantry, he declares that the serpent tempted Eve in French.

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 1, 4, 19, 17, 1, 15, 16, is one of the Southern States.

My 2, 7, 1, 13, 20, is a town in Scotland.

My 3, 2, 9, 14, 19, 3, is a county in Kentucky.

My 4, 9, 13, 2, is a lake in North America.

My 5, 19, 15, 2, was once a powerful Empire.

My 6, 14, 18, 10, is one of the grand divisions of the globe.

My 7, 4, 3, 6, is a river in Asia.

My 8, 3, 16, 20, 12, is one of the European States.

My 9, 13, 9, 3, 2, 1, 5, 19, is a river in South America.

My 10, 6, 17, is a river in Switzerland.

My 11, 18, 1, 2, 5, is a river in Africa.

My 12, 10, 15, 5, 19, is a city in Egypt.

My 13, 7, 7, 13, 3, 19, 18, 14, is one of the Western States.

My 14, 4, 12, 3, 2, is a river in France.

My 15, 6, 13, 20, 2, is one of the Northern States.

My 16, 7, 2, 2, 20, is a county in Kentucky.

My 17, 13, 4, 10, is a county in Kentucky.

My 18, 10, 11, 6, is a city in Russia.

My 19, 3, 4, 1, 16, is a lake in Prussia.

My 20, 18, 7, 2, is a river in Africa.

My whole is the name of a well known officer of the Revolution. J. M. LEA.

Keene, Kentucky.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 23 letters.

My 1, 2, 8, 13, 15, is a city in South America.

My 2, 18, 8, 15, 22, is a county in Ohio.

My 3, 23, 19, 12, 16, 8, 6, 20, 23, is a county in South Carolina.

My 4, 22, 16, 8, 12, 7, 23, is a town in Maine.

My 5, 8, 20, 12, is a river in Africa.

My 6, 20, 19, 8, 5, is a town in Scotland.

My 7, 15, 18, 23, 15, 21, is a city in Europe.

My 8, 18, 23, 10, 20, is a river in Sweden.

My 9, 3, 21, 7, 10, 5, 23, is an island in the Baltic Sea.

My 10, 6, 13, 21, 7, 13, is a city in Africa.

My 11, 15, 19, 19, 15, 13, 10, is a city in South America.

My 12, 13, 15, 22, is a town in England.

My 13, 15, 2, 20, 15, 5, is a city in France.

My 14, 21, 7, 20, 17, is a city in Europe.

My 15, 13, 21, 11, 10, 7, 15, is a city in South America.

My 16, 2, 20, 13, 15, 5, is a county in New York.

My 17, 7, 11, 12, is a river of Europe.

My 18, 15, 15, 5, is a town in Morocco.

My 19, 12, 5, 15, 10, is a city in Europe.

My 20, 3, 5, 10, is a river in Asia.

My 21, 23, 3, 16, is a city in Arabia.

My 22, 8, 5, 19, 15, 15, 13, 10, is a city of the Chinese Empire.

My 23, 15, 5, is a river of Russia.

My whole was one of the crowned heads of Europe. GEORGE W. ARNDT.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

From a point in an equilateral triangle I measured the distances to each angle, and found them 20, 28 and 31 rods. From these data it is required to find the area and length of sides. H. H. T.

Durham, Connecticut.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first contains a solid foot,
Regardless of its length;
My second's valued more or less,
According to its strength;
My second's useful to my first,
To keep all tight and trim.
Now you may use my whole or not,
According to your whim.

Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. S. K. K.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When can a person sing the highest?

Ans.—When they have a *sore* throat.

☞ When is a lady not a lady?

Ans.—When she is a little *sulky*.

☞ What is a sure preventive to the hair turning gray?

Ans.—To make up your mind to dye (die).

☞ Why is a narrative of the death of Socrates like the upper room of a house?

Ans.—It is an Attic story.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

NAUTICAL ENIGMA.
Captain La Perouse.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.
The Battle of Germantown.

CHARADE.—Pupil.

CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.

A whetstone to sharpen the appetite.
A shoe to fit the foot of the street.
A drop of blood from the strong arm of the law.

For Housekeepers.

Breakfast Rolls.—Mix a pound and a half of flour, half a tea-cup of butter, one egg well beaten, little salt, two table-spoonfull of yeast, with warm milk enough to knead it into a light dough. Let it rise over night. Then form into rolls, set them a short time before the fire, then bake in a quick oven.

The Cactus.—The cactus ought to be kept almost entirely without water from October to March, and then watered profusely while it is coming into flower. It should be grown in pots well drained with cinders, instead of potsherds, as the latter retain too much moisture for the delicate and succulent roots.

Useful Cement.—To fix knives and forks in their handles, use cutler's cement, made of equal weights of rosin and brickdust melted together in an earthen pipkin, and applied hot.

Rust.—To take rust out of steel, cover the steel with sweet oil well rubbed on it, and in forty-eight hours use unslacked lime finely powdered, to rub until all the dust disappears.

Pearls.—It is, perhaps, not generally known, that pearls kept in dry common magnesia, in lieu of the cotton-wool used in jewel-cases, are never known to become discolored.

Hair.—To prevent hair falling off after illness: Olive oil, two drachms; oil of nutmeg or of mace, half a drachm; liquor ammonia, one drachm and a half; spirits of rosemary, one ounce; rose-water, two ounces and a half.

Agricultural.

...astonishment, when I came to secure the crop, in the Fall, I had an unusual quantity of fine, sound potatoes, and that, too, when my neighbors left large fields uncared for, as not worth the digging. Suffice it to say, my potatoes are sound until this day, at least were so when I left home a month since. If I were to plant again, I would put the plaster in the ground *with* the seed, as well as on the young plant.—Let some one try the experiment, and report progress.

The potatoes were of the Mercer kind.—*Public Ledger.*

Farming Inconsistencies.—Farmers dig their gardens two feet deep, but only plough their land five inches. They take especial care of their nag horses in a good warm stable, but expose their farm horses and cattle to all weathers. They deny the utility of drainage in strong tenacious clays, but dare not dig an underground cellar in such soils, because the water would get in. They waste their liquid manure, but buy guano from Peru to repair the loss; and some practical men, who are in ecstacies with the urine of the sheepfold, have been known seriously to doubt the benefit of liquid manure. But, it may be asked, "Where is the capital to come from for all these improvements?" The reply will be, "Where does the capital come from to make railways and docks, to build steam vessels, to erect a whole town of new squares and streets, and to carry out every other useful and profitable undertaking?"—*Paper read by Mr. Mechi at the Society of Arts.*

A Barn of Glass.—We understand, says the *Western Times*, that Mr. N. Tuckett intends to cover a large barn, 110 feet long, and 28 feet wide, on his farm at Heavitree, with a glass roof, after the model of the Palace of Glass. The expense will not be above two-thirds the cost of slate, and he anticipates several advantages from this novel roof; among others, it may be applied to drying corn. The corn can be placed in the barn immediately on being reaped, where it will have the benefit of the sun when it shines, be protected from the showers, and also dried by artificial heat, if required, and then stacked in ricks under a covered stack yard. This will enable the land to be immediately ploughed up, and sown with turnips or rape, which will prepare the land for another cereal crop the following year, so that he anticipates three crops in two years.

The Cheese-Room.—Cheese is animal matter, and it is difficult to attain a sufficiency of fresh air for its curing and at the same time secure other objects. A cheese-room should be cool, dark and well ventilated. It should be cool for the gradual ripening of the cheese; well ventilated to secure a good flavor to the cheese, and dark to keep out the flies. Cheese, butter, or cream, will contract whatever bad taste there may be in the atmosphere about it: and in the ripening of quantities of cheese a vast deal of effluvia will be given off which will soon taint the air.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Ashes.—Take especial care of all the ashes made on your place—don't permit them to be exposed to the weather, but keep them under cover. Five bushels of ashes, mixed with two double horse-cart loads of marsh river mud, muck or peat, will convert the whole into good manure. A hogshead or two of soap suds would do the same thing—therefore, among your other things, save and utilize them.

☞ One of the alligators of the Boston Museum recently departed this life. A local reporter of the city press, while recording an affecting obituary, remarks that on one occasion he was observed to breathe, and soon after he was observed *not* to breathe, and the last occurrence was the cause of his death.

☞ The Duke of Wellington once left his umbrella, by accident, on the stall of a lady of rank, at a fair. On returning to look for it, he was told that the umbrella had just been sold for twenty-five guineas, by the lady, who could not resist the temptation of disposing of so valuable a relic, for charitable purposes.